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## Betty-Belle's Valentines

By Elsa Gorham Baker

BETTY-BELLE sat in the big chair close to the window, watching eagerly for the postman. She was almost sure there would be mail for her, as it was Valentine's Day. Surely some or all of the five girls who were her best friends and were in her classes in school and Sunday-school would send her valentines. Betty-Belle had been very, very sick, and though she was slowly getting well she still grew tired very easily and spent a great deal of time in the big chair. The doctor said it would be two weeks yet before she could go out of doors or have any of her friends in to see her. Sometimes the hours seemed to pass very slowly, especially as she was not yet allowed to use her eyes for reading.

At last the postman came in sight, far down the snowy road. The little girl watched anxiously as he drew near. Yes, he was pulling his horse out to one side toward their mail-box. Her eyes brightened—there would be valentines. No, he had only turned out to let another sleigh pass him. He pulled back into the road again and without going near the mail-box, trotted briskly out of sight. No valentines!

Tears filled Betty-Belle's eyes. She was not very strong yet, and for a minute she felt badly hurt to think that the girls had forgotten her. She had just wiped the tears away when her mother came in. "I have a letter for you, Betty-Belle," she said, with a smile. "A letter and a valentine."

"Why, Mother!" exclaimed the little girl. "The postman didn't stop."

"No," said Mother, "this letter came by Special Delivery. Read it and then you shall see your valentine."

Betty-Belle took the envelope eagerly. When she read what was written on it she felt ashamed of her tears a few minutes ago; she should have known better than to think the girls would forget her—

BETTY-BELLE

FROM

HER FIVE FRIENDS

The letter was sealed with a little gold heart. Inside was a card with a red heart in each corner and this verse, printed very carefully:

We're sending you a valentine —

A very funny one.

We hope that with this valentine

You'll have a lot of fun.

The little girl looked up; her mother had gone out. There was a sound of paper rattling in the hall then her mother's voice, "Here comes your valentine, Betty."

A ball of crumpled paper rolled across the floor and after it raced the softest, fattest, cutest little Maltese kitten that Betty-Belle had ever seen. The little girl fairly squealed with delight. "Oh, isn't he a darling! O Mother, look at him! Just look!"

A little gray whirlwind had struck the paper ball. As for what happened in the next five minutes there is no use trying to tell. If you have seen a kitten playing with a ball of paper, you know all about it and if you have not, no description could give you any idea of the rollings, twistings, turnings, slidings, and bouncings that took place. Betty-Belle's thin cheeks were pink with joy and laughter, and as her mother looked at her, it seemed, for the first time in many long weeks, easy to believe that soon the little girl would be her own strong, well self again.

After a few minutes of wild frolic, the kitten, as kittens do, grew suddenly sleepy. He wandered about the room a bit, then, as if he knew to whom he belonged, came straight to Betty-Belle, jumped into her lap and cuddled down for a nap.

"You lovely little valentine!" said Betty, stroking the warm, purring little body gently. "Valentine is going to be your name, of course, and I'll call you Val for short."

The little girl was still sitting, happily smoothing the sleeping kitten, when her mother came in again. "Another letter for you," she announced, "and another valentine."

"Another!" cried Betty-Belle, joyfully. "Why, I didn't suppose I'd get any more. How lovely!"

The envelope was the same as the other but the card inside had green hearts in each corner and the verse printed on it read:

May you enjoy watching this valentine grow;

It will make the house bright when outside all is snow.

"Shut your eyes now for a minute, Betty," directed her mother. She did so. She heard her mother leave the room and go down the hall. In a minute she came back and crossed the room again to Betty's side. At once the little girl smelled something so sweet that her eyes flew open almost of their own accord to see what it was.

And it looked as sweet as it smelled, Betty-Belle decided as she sniffed and looked and sniffed and looked at this second valentine which her mother set on the little table beside her chair. It was a shallow green glass bowl filled with water and little white pebbles. In it had been planted half-a-dozen narcissus bulbs. They had been started at different times so that while two had just sprouted, two had blossom-stalks showing and two were in full bloom, each stem bearing eight or ten of the sweet white flowers, whose shallow cup-shaped centers made them look so much like baby jonquils.

From sleeping kitten to fragrant flowers, Betty-Belle's eyes wandered happily. "Aren't the girls lovely to me, Mother?" she asked, and Mother smilingly agreed.

Before long it was time for lunch, but instead of bringing in the tray as she usually did at this hour, Betty-Belle's mother appeared with one of the square white envelopes which were beginning to look so familiar.

"They've sent me another valentine!" cried the little girl with delighted surprise. "Oh, I do wonder what it can be this time." She opened the envelope hastily. Yellow hearts in the corners this time and this verse:

This valentine is good to eat;

We hope you'll find it nice and sweet.

And what it's in is for you, too.

We hope it's big enough for you.

Nice and sweet it proved to be—a bowl of lovely golden custard which

Betty-Belle ate to the last spoonful. (No, the next to the last. The very last spoonful of all she gave to little gray Valentine). "Nothing has tasted so good to me in a long while," she declared; "and isn't the bowl just as pretty as it can be." Pretty it certainly was—white and blue and gold. Narrow bands of blue and gold around the top and bottom and in between a whole flock of little blue-birds, fluttering gayly. "It's just the right size for my bread and milk. I'm going to use it for that every night," decided Betty.

After lunch every day came the long nap which was helping to bring back Betty-Belle's strength. When the little girl woke this afternoon her first thought was of the valentines—would there be any more? She could not help hoping there would be—even though she felt she had already had more than her share of delightful surprises. There were five girls—perhaps there would be five valentines.

Betty-Belle went back to the big chair and was watching Kitten Valentine have a lively frolic with his ball of paper when Mother brought in another "Special Delivery" letter. Lavender hearts in the corners and a verse that Betty read over twice wonderingly:

This Valentine's in pieces

But each one has its place.

May the fun of joining them

Bring a smile to your face.

Not until she had opened the flat package that came with this did Betty-Belle know what it meant. Then she cried out in delight, "A puzzle-picture! Oh, what fun! Mother, those girls certainly know all the things I like best!" She placed all the pieces on the table and for the next half hour was very busy and happy. She was helped, or perhaps it would be better to say hindered, several times by Kitten Valentine, but managed to finish it in spite of him. It proved to be just the picture for that day, as it showed a small boy holding a valentine, while three little girls, standing in a row in front of him, all appeared to be teasing for it.

"Mother, if you aren't busy, can you come and see the picture?" called Betty-Belle.

"I was just coming," said Mother, appearing with a white envelope in one hand and a big roundish, soft-looking package in the other.

"The fifth valentine! And the last, I'm sure!" cried Betty. "And this card will have pink hearts. Each one has had one of the girls' favorite colors—first red for Helen, then green for Flo, Yellow is Arlene's color, and Amy likes lavender. This will be pink for Ruth, I'm pretty sure."

Betty-Belle was right—the hearts were pink. But this card did not have a printed verse like the rest. Instead it was covered with writing on both sides.

"Dear B. B.," it began, "This is the last valentine. We hope you have enjoyed getting them as much as we did planning them. Did you like the verses? My, how hard we worked over them! This card is not in verse because there is too much to explain. You are to use this valentine to make something to wear around your neck to keep you warm when you first go out. (Which we hope will be soon, for we miss you so much.) As you make it, you will find something else that goes around your neck, but it will not keep you warm. Good-bye, Elizabeth-Isobelle, with love, from

YOUR FIVE FRIENDS.

So curious had this letter made her, that Betty-Belle could hardly wait to open the soft round package. As she turned back the last fold of wrapping paper and disclosed a big ball of soft blue yarn, she gave a little "Oh" of pleasure. "My favorite color and just the shade I like best!" she exclaimed. They mean for me to knit a scarf, Mother, I know, and what fun it will be! But what do they mean about finding something else as I make it?" She turned the pretty ball over and over and looked at it closely. In two places she could see white tissue paper showing between the soft blue strands. "There are things inside the ball! Oh how exciting!" she cried. "Mother, is there time to start my scarf this afternoon and knit till I come to the first thing?"

"I think so," said Mother, and brought the little girl her big wooden knitting needles.

"It's a good thing Val is asleep," said Betty-Belle as she set up thirty stitches and began to knit her scarf. "I'll have a terrible time, I expect, persuading him not to touch my lovely blue yarn." But she smiled as she said it as though she was not much dismayed by the thought of "a terrible time" with Val.

The big wooden needles moved fast, urged on by the little girl's curiosity as to what was in the little twist of tissue paper that was showing plainer and plainer as one by one the blue strands unwound. Finally the last one fell away—the tiny paper package dropped into Betty's lap. She picked it up quickly.

"Something hard and round" she announced, pinching it gently. Off came the paper—out rolled a bead. And such a pretty bead that even Betty-Belle's mother exclaimed in delight. It was of the sort that is sold singly, of plain-colored backgrounds, decorated with tiny designs in different colored enamels of birds, butterflies and flowers. This was blue with two little butterflies of green, rose, and gold.

"Isn't it just too lovely for words?" cried Betty-Belle. "And they've put in

enough for a necklace, I know. That's what they meant by something that goes around my neck but won't keep me warm. Oh, what a good time I'm going to have, knitting my pretty blue yarn into a nice warm scarf—with these lovely beads popping out, one by one. I suppose they're all blue, with different designs on them. What a beautiful necklace they will make! I'll only knit a little each day and make my fun last a long time. It's been a wonderful day, Mother," added Betty-Belle, earnestly. "I don't know how I'll ever be able to thank the girls. But the first time I see them, I'll certainly try my best to tell how grateful I am to them for having given me such a happy, happy day."

## Fudge

By Nellie Owen

"YOU make the most delicious fudge I ever tasted, Millicent."

"It's scrumptious."

"I shan't be able to eat a bite of dinner, and Daddy will be angry."

"There's the bell. I suppose it's Edith, late as usual."

"Hello, girls."

"Hello, Edith."

"Fudge! No thank-you, I don't care for any," carefully selecting the largest piece. "I came to see your new dresses."

"What dresses?" in chorus.

"Daddy brought me some from Paris. Come in and I'll show them to you."

The new dresses were spread on the bed in the dainty blue-and-gold bedroom. Such a buzz and hum of talk! Such enthusiasm and admiration!

"What a lucky girl you are, Millicent!" half enviously.

Happy Millicent agreed with them that she was a lucky girl as she put each dress away lingeringly, lovingly, after they had gone. Dad and Mother fulfilled every wish of her heart. They missed her when she was away from them for an hour, but they were planning to send her to college because she had set her heart on it. She was already beginning her preparatory work. Three years more! Millicent kept four calendars on her desk on which she marked off respectively the days, weeks, months and years still to elapse until college time. What a long, long wait!

Father came home that night, tired and worn. He ate scarcely anything and mother looked worried.

"Don't you feel well, Father?"

"Yes, dear, but I have unpleasant news for you. I have lost a great deal of money, and I'm afraid you'll have to take a business course, instead of going to college."

"Don't let that worry you, Daddy dear. It would be so hard for me to leave you and Mother anyway."

"My precious child."

The evening was spent in plans for curtail-  
ing expenses. They would have to  
move, of course, and do without a maid  
and most of their luxuries. Millicent  
tried to lessen the depression of her par-  
ents by entering into all of their plans  
enthusiastically, but she was not so re-  
signed as they believed her to be. She lay  
awake long after they had gone to bed.

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The inexpensive flat into which they  
moved seemed poor and bare in compari-  
son with the one they had left. Millicent  
found herself without spending money.  
The world seemed topsy-turvy. Each  
morning before she went to school she  
made her bed and straightened her room.  
She wanted to help with the harder work  
but her mother wouldn't permit it. Night  
after night she lay awake trying to find  
a way to help financially. "Other girls  
make money," she said to herself, "why  
can't I? What can I do?" She ran over  
her list of useless accomplishments. "The  
only thing I can do is to make fudge."  
And then a wonderful thought was born.  
Suppose she tried to make some and sell  
it. She'd ask Mother. No, — Mother  
would think the idea too fantastic, too  
impossible. She wouldn't even ask her  
for the money, which she knew she could  
not easily spare. She would take a dol-  
lar from her own bank, and make just a  
little. It wouldn't go very far, for she  
had to have the best of nuts and cream  
and chocolate and flavoring. She was so  
excited at the idea that she would have  
loved to jump right out of bed and start  
her candy immediately. It was so long  
till morning. Mother always went to her  
club on Wednesday, so she would have  
the whole afternoon to herself. She lay  
awake planning happily. She would make  
pretty paper cases, for she had loads of  
colored paper in the house. Would morn-  
ing never come!

Millicent arose bright and early as  
though that would hasten the time till  
afternoon. The school hours dragged.  
At last she was free. She stopped at the  
delicatessen store where they had traded  
in their more prosperous days, on her  
way home.

"How-do-you-do, Mrs. Lawrence. I  
wonder if you would let me bring some  
of my fudge in here to sell?"

"Certainly, my dear," said the kind-  
hearted woman who had sympathized  
with her parents in their change of for-  
tune.

"How can I pay you for your trouble?"

"Don't worry about that. I'll be glad  
enough to handle your fudge if there is  
any demand for it."

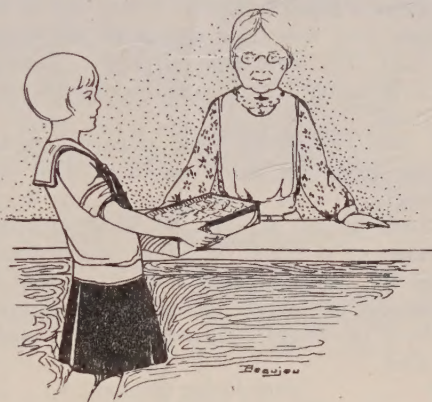
"Thank you. Please don't tell Father or  
Mother or any one else."

"I won't."

Millicent felt like a little business  
woman as she made her purchases. She  
knew Mother would be gone by the time

she reached home, so she ran half the  
way and was soon busily at work. What  
fun it was! It didn't seem possible that  
anything so pleasant to do could possibly  
bring in money. Presently the fudge was  
finished. Never had it looked so appe-  
tizing or tasted so delicious. She allowed  
herself only a tiny taste because there  
seemed so little of it. It still had to be  
packed and wrapped, and the dishes had  
to be washed and the immaculate kitchen  
set in order before Mother came. It was  
five o'clock before she finished. She had  
wrapped the fudge in pretty little cases  
of colored paper and tied to each one a  
tiny sample in waxed paper. Mother  
would be home at six. She hurried to the  
store with her packages.

"Taste a piece, Mrs. Lawrence."



"Why, child, this is delicious! It'll sell  
like hot cakes! How much shall I  
charge?"

"Whatever you think best. I'll be in on  
my way home from school tomorrow.  
Thank you so much."

It was hard all that long day for Milli-  
cent to keep her mind on her lessons.  
Was any of the fudge sold? . . . *J'aime,*  
*tu aimes* . . . Would people ask for  
more? . . . The Nile overflows its banks  
. . . Anyway, Mrs. Lawrence liked it,  
and she ought to know, — If *x-y* . . .  
School was really out at last — at last!

Mrs. Lawrence was busy when Millicent  
entered. The place where the fudge had  
been yesterday was piled high with boxes  
of cake. Her heart almost stopped beat-  
ing. It must all be sold, then. Or per-  
haps Mrs. Lawrence had put it away to  
make room for the cake. Mrs. Lawrence  
sped her last customer on her way and  
turned to Millicent, her face beaming with  
smiles.

"Here's something for you," It was a  
crisp two-dollar bill.

"Mine?"

"Yes, dear. I kept a quarter for han-  
dling it. I can use as much as you can  
make. All the customers liked it im-  
mensely. If you can make enough I know  
Mr. Lawrence would take some to sell in  
his cigar store. You ought to tell  
Mother."

"Thank you a million times. Of course

I'll tell Mother now. I wouldn't have  
wanted her to know if I had failed."

Millicent was so nervous and flushed  
at dinner that her mother was troubled.

"Don't you feel well, Milly? You look  
feverish."

"I feel perfectly well, Mother. It's  
only — only — I made some fudge and  
Mrs. Lawrence sold it for me and she  
says she can use all I make. In a year  
I'll have enough saved up to go to col-  
lege, and I can keep right on making it  
there. You don't object, do you Mother —  
Daddy dear?"

"My blessed child! Of course we don't  
object. Mother would even like to help  
— if you can trust her!"

"O Mother!" The next moment she  
was weeping in her mother's arms.

### The Fairy Queen's Bedspread

Rising in the morning before the break of  
dawn,

I spied the tiny fairy folk out upon the  
lawn;

They darted from the shadows, peeked  
from back of trees,

In and out and round about they worked  
like busy bees.

They gathered up the cobwebs bestrewn  
upon the green,

To make a lacy bedspread for the Royal  
Fairy Queen;

They frolicked as they labored and  
danced a step or two,

Shaking out the dainty webs all wet with  
pearly dew.

The goblins gathered crystal webs that  
shone like sheets of ice;

The pixies took the grayer ones like ears  
of tiny mice;

The cloudlike ones were gathered by a  
quaint, wee gnome

Who bound them round with gossamer  
for elves to carry home.

But suddenly they started to scamper and  
to frisk,

They dived and sprang off blades of grass  
at no uncommon risk,

For the sun had quickly risen and in a  
flash or two

There was nothing left upon the lawn  
but diamond-studded dew.

ELIZABETH MILLSON.

### Snowflakes

Lazy little snowflakes,

Aimlessly you fall,

Past the naked treetops

'Neath my garden wall.

Even you, I fancy,

Are part of God's Great Plan,

For you make the children happy,

As they build a great snow man!

ELIZABETH MILLSON.

## THE BEACON

W. FORBES ROBERTSON, ACTING EDITOR  
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

### Do It Now

There is an old proverb, "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today." When we were in school we thought we were real funny, and we changed that old proverb to, "Never do today what you can do tomorrow," and we made some effort to live up to it. The older we grow the more foolish we realize we were, because something that isn't hard to do at all if done at the time becomes a real task if we keep putting it off. It certainly is never so easy to do a thing as it is to do it right off, and if we delay, it may be too late to do it.

We remember the story of a little girl whose father was out of work. He gave her a letter and told her to be sure to mail it. In about two weeks, the family had to move to a small house in a poor neighborhood, because this little girl had forgotten to mail this letter which her father had written telling a man that he would take a job the man had offered to him. When the man did not hear from her father, he decided that he did not want the job and gave it to some one else.

If you have something disagreeable or something you don't like to do, do that first, and then you can forget about it.  
THE EDITOR.

### Why Crosses Mean Kisses

At some time or other haven't you written a letter to mother or daddy and put some "crosses" in it—for kisses? But have you ever wondered why a cross should be used as the written symbol of a kiss?

This story is interesting and goes back to the times when few could read, and still fewer could write. In that respect the nobility were no better than those of lower station in life; but deeds transferring property, wills, and other documents had to be signed somehow. So those who could not write their names "made their mark," and this, in an age when religious symbolism was very much in evidence, usually took the form of the cross. From motives of reverence, the shape used was not that of the cross of Calvary, but the St. Andrew cross, which resembles the letter "X."

Having duly made their mark, the signatories of a document kissed it—partly as a pledge of good faith and partly as an act of reverence. And so a cross-mark on paper became associated with a kiss.

### The Twins' Dad Sends Some Bananas

SAINT'S REST,  
February 4, 1926.

Dear Harriet and Paul:

Your letter was awfully funny. Charles and I laughed and laughed. We could almost see your mother and your dad down there trying to skate. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves, playing such tricks?

You know you suggested that we ask Dad to send us some bananas or something from Florida. Well, we did ask him to send us some bananas, and he sent them, but he forgot to send green ones, instead of ripe ones, and by the time they reached us they were so soft they weren't fit to eat. The funny part of it was, he wrote a letter to mother telling her to be sure they were ripe before we ate them. Well, they were ripe, all right. I wish we'd asked him to send cocoanuts, instead.

Mother says we spend so much time in the attic, not doing anything, that we ought to give it a name, so we have. Look at the top of the letter and see what we've called it. What do you think of it? Charles hasn't noticed yet that it is only one saint. When he does, I may have to change it so that it will include him.

Your loving cousins,

CHARLES AND MARJORIE.

### Weapons

Straight as an arrow,  
Fleet as its flight,  
Turn not your course, lad,  
Away from the right.

Keen as a sword blade,  
True as its thrust,  
Parry the false, lad,  
Guard well the just.

Clean as a rifle,  
Sure as its shot,  
High be your aim, lad,  
Lower it not.

POLLIE WESTCOTT BRANHAM.

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## THE BOOKSHELF

*The Little Red Wonder Book.* By Lewis G. Wilson. Illustrated. 16mo; 64 pages; 55 cents postpaid.

"A Faith Book of Religion for Little Children," with entertaining pictures and jolly thumb-nail sketches. The brief chapters are arranged in the form of intimate and simple questions and answers intended to bring the teacher and the small tot into a mutual and close understanding, and to teach the child through its personal relationships the beauty and value of religion. Attractively bound in decorated red covers.

*The Little Child at the Breakfast Table.* By William C. Gannett. 16mo; 81 pages; 85 cents postpaid.

In many homes to-day there exists an unsatisfied desire for some simple means by which the members of the household may obtain a brief inspiration for the work of the busy day through contact with more enduring and uplifting currents of thought than may be found in the morning paper or the day's toil.

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The line and color drawings by Frances Eliot Fremont-Smith admirably supplement the stories and make this a truly wonderful book for children.

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A book which is wholesome and has interest and charm, written by the author of "Heidi" for children of the adolescent period. It unfolds the story of a little Italian orphan violinist, who wanders from the mountain heights of Switzerland to a beautiful lake in Italy, where, to his amazement, he finds that he is the heir to an extensive estate.

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## The Story of Velvet Paw

By Ada O'Rear Bailey

ONCE upon a time a squirrel family lived in a big wood. They were the father squirrel, the mother squirrel, and three little squirrels, — Gray Coat, Pink Nose, and Velvet Paw. Their summer home was a nest of leaves high up in the top of the tallest tree in the woods. The little squirrels had gay times jumping from branch to branch, and scampering up and down the tree. When they were tired they would curl up in their bed



of leaves and let the wind rock them to sleep.

But this home would not do for winter, so the old squirrels found a nice hollow lower down on the same tree. It had a little round doorway where a great limb grew out of the tree, and a cozy warm room inside, with a pantry for their food. During the bright autumn days, while the leaves turned from green to red and gold and brown, the little squirrels played in the sunshine. But the father and mother were busy getting the home ready for winter. They carried in grass and leaves to make soft, warm beds, and filled the pantry with nuts and acorns and corn.

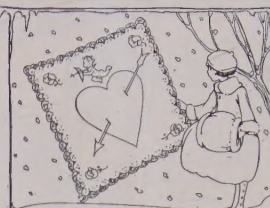
When the trees were bare, and the north wind began to blow cold, they moved into their new home. And how happy and comfortable they were!

Now these were good little squirrels who loved their father and mother and each other. But Velvet Paw was sometimes naughty; when his mother asked him to do anything, he sometimes said, "I won't do it." When she did not do as he wanted her to, he sometimes said, "You've got to," and would even bite and scratch her. The old Owl who lived in the hollow beech near them and took great interest in the Squirrel children, used to say to him, "If you go on being naughty to your mother, something dreadful will happen to you."



### The FAIRIES VALENTINES

By Eleanor Hammond



When fairy children want to send  
Some lovely valentines,  
They make them all of whitest lace  
With silvery designs.

They gave them to old Post Man Wind  
To take where they should go.  
We see him bring them down the  
street —  
And call them flakes of snow!

One day the children asked their mother to let them go down and play on the ground. She went to the door and looked out. There was a gray cloud all over the sky, and snowflakes were beginning to fall.

"No," she said, "you can't go, because there is going to be a snowstorm."

Gray Coat and Pink Nose said no more about it, but Velvet Paw clung to his mother and said, "You've got to let us go!" And he bit her with his sharp teeth.

His mother only pushed him away and went into the pantry to get out the nuts for dinner. But she was very sad, for it hurt her when her children were naughty.

"I'm going, anyway," said Velvet Paw to his sisters.

And he went, although they begged him not to. He curled his tail over his back and ran down the tree. He looked up and waved his paw to Gray Coat and Pink Nose, lying flat on the big limb watching him. Away he went, scampering through the leaves, running a little way up the trunk of a tree, then down and on to the next.

It was snowing fast now, but his thick fur coat kept him warm and dry. He was having such a good time that he went on without thinking how far he was going. At last he noticed that the snow was getting deep, so he decided to go home. But he found that he was lost. It was snowing so fast that he could hardly see the nearest tree. He didn't know in what direction his home was.

The snow was now too deep for him to run in. He crawled to a tree and around it, away from the wind. He saw a hole under a big root, so he crawled in. He was surprised to find it a very large hole. As he felt his way around, he stumbled over a big furry body. This frightened him so that he sat quite still for a while. When his eyes grew used to the darkness, he found that it was a Groundhog taking his winter nap.

Velvet Paw was wet and cold and hungry and tired. He wanted his mother. He wanted to tell her he was sorry he had been so bad. At last he curled up as close to the Groundhog as he dared, and cried himself to sleep.

For several days he stayed in the Groundhog's hole. One day just before noon the Groundhog stirred, rose stiffly, stretched himself, and yawned a few times. Then he opened his eyes and saw Velvet Paw crouched in the farthest corner.

"What are you doing here?" he growled.

"Oh, please," sobbed Velvet Paw, trembling all over, "I was lost, and I am so hungry, and I want my mother."

But the Groundhog was not listening. "I must go look for my shadow," he said. "If I see it, I shall come back and sleep six weeks longer. If not —"

He did not finish the sentence, but moved slowly toward the door.

Outside it was raining. Nearly all the snow was gone. There was not a ray of sunshine by which the Groundhog could see his shadow. He stretched and yawned again, and crept off through the woods.

Velvet Paw had followed the Groundhog, and stood looking about. He was still lost, but he was out in the fresh air, and he felt better. He ran first one way, then another. At last he saw right before him his old friend, the Owl who lived in the beech tree. The Owl had come out because it was a dark day. He sat on a stump watching for ground mice.

"Hello," he said when he saw Velvet Paw. "I thought you were lost. Your father and mother have been looking everywhere for you."

Then Velvet Paw told the whole story, and the kind old Owl took him home. They were all glad to see him, and Velvet Paw was so glad to get home that he was a good little squirrel ever after.



### Attention, Members!

Let me introduce Eino Barholm of Fitchburg, Mass., Harriet Crouse of San Diego, Cal., Elizabeth Maxwell of Pepperell, Mass., Catherine Wilson of Orono, Maine, George Lauriat of West Newton, Mass. These boys and girls are now members of The Beacon Club. Tell them you are glad to meet them, through our paper, *The Beacon*, and they will write you about what they do at school and play. Don't forget to write, old members! Don't forget to answer, new members. Good-bye, until next week.

THE EDITOR.

55 BENNOCK ROAD,  
ORONO, MAINE.

Dear Editor: I have been reading *The Beacon* for just a little while, but I should like to be a member of The Beacon Club.

I go to the United Parish Church in Orono.

At school my teacher's name is Miss Ronan. I am nine years old and in the fifth grade. I read *The Beacon* letters every Monday and they are very interesting. I wonder if mine will be as nice.

Your loving friend,

CATHERINE WILSON.

86 TEMPLE ST.,  
WEST NEWTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: I have read *The Beacon* since I was eight years old. I am eleven now. I should like to become a member of the Club and wear the pin.

I go to the West Newton Unitarian Church. Our minister is Rev. Paul S. Phalen. I like the stories very much. I like the crossword puzzles, too. I received a pin for three years of perfect attendance. Last year I had the whooping cough and broke my record.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE LAURIAT.

15 WOODLEIGH ROAD,  
DEDHAM, MASS.

Dear Editor: I belong to the First Unitarian Church of Dedham and I should like to become a member of The Beacon Club. I am twelve years old and in the "7A" class at school. I correspond with Alice S. Conary in Maine.

Sincerely,

HELEN E. MASON.

Dear Cubs: The Poetry Prize this week goes to Cecelia Towne for her poem on "Mother." The Story Prize goes to Dorothy Carr for her story "How Tabby Was Found."

### Mother

BY CECELIA TOWNE (AGE 12)

If it was not for my mother  
I would certainly be another,  
For 'tis she who tells me right  
And leads me on thru life so bright.  
She shows me all the household duties  
And helps me along in my studies.  
When I'm sad, she comforts me  
And when I'm sick so kind is she,  
That I feel as though I'd die,  
If 'twas not for her watchful eye  
That when looking seems to say  
I'm watching carefully night and day.  
It was she who gave me birth,  
And 'tis she who gives me mirth.  
I'll try in life to reach one goal,  
To keep her lover of my soul.

1 ACADEMY ST.,  
FITCHBURG, MASS.

Dear Editor: May I become a member of The Beacon Club and wear its button? My sister belongs and I'd like to join.

I am sending a story I made up about the animals in the Burgess bedtime books. I hope it is good enough to be printed.

Your sincere friend,

EINO BARHOLM.

2600 1ST ST.,  
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Dear Club Editor: I should like very much, if I may, to become a member of your club. I notice that there are not many youngsters from the Golden West, especially from San Diego. Also I should greatly enjoy writing to you about something in which I am very much interested.

Yours truly,

HARRIET S. CROUSE.

BILLERICA, MASS.

My dear Editor: I am a member of The Beacon Club, but I am sorry to say that I lost my pin.

I am sending a story. I like to draw better than write, but I want to see if the other members like my story. I like all the stories and poems that are in *The Beacon*.

From a Beacon member,

DOROTHY CARR.

### Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

#### Twisted Cities

1. Toledo.
2. Vancouver.
3. Tokio.
4. Paris.
5. Geneva.
6. Milan.
7. Copenhagen.
8. Boston.
9. Pekin.
10. Winnipeg.

#### Acrostic

x	.	x	.	.
x	.	x	.	.
x	.	x	.	.
x	.	x	.	.
x	.	x	.	.
x	.	x	.	.
x	.	x	.	.
x	.	x	.	.

Initials reading downward spell a holiday. Centrals, reading upward, spell the same thing.

1. Pertaining to the nose. 2. Near the beginning. 3. A mammal. 4. To concede. 5. A country in Africa. 6. Perpetually. 7. Smoky. 8. A medical herb.

— The Portals

#### A Riddle Rhyme

O, riddle-me-riddle-me-roo!

A funny, new riddle for you.

What is it, I beg,

That stands on one leg,

While its heart, do you mind,

In its head you will find?

O, riddle-me-riddle-me-roo!

#### How Tabby Was Found

DOROTHY CARR

THERE was a great deal of noise in the Grey's house. The cat was lost. Maybe this seems funny, but it was so. For Tabby the cat was very much loved by all the Grey family. She had been gone three days.

Mary was looking for Tabby. Mary was in the attic. She heard two or three small mews. They came from a dark corner. Mary looked and there was Tabby with three baby kittens. My, how glad the Grey family was to see Tabby!

Mary and Jack, her brother, named the kittens Tumble, Kitty, and Tiny.

That is how Tabby was found.